

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Jones Wister Host and Hostess at Dance Tonight for Their Two Granddaughters. Navy Yard Dance Series Begin

Such entertaining will be done tonight for the debbies who are to attend the dances which will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Jones Wister for their granddaughters, Anne Walker Meirs and Marie Louise Faries. The latter is the child of Mrs. Wister's eldest daughter, Miss Mary Lightman, who married Dr. Randolph...



Well, all I can say is, in this, any of you who remember the popularity of the Weightman girls when they came out and who know of the continued popularity of these young matrons, will not be disappointed in their children, for on all sides I hear the same things; that Anne and Marie Louise are among the sweetest and most exquisitely polite buds of the season...

MISS MAUD MORRISON WIGGINS

Who was one of the aids at the ball given at the Bellevue-Stratford last week by the Philadelphia Auxiliary Association of Southern Industrial Schools

At the opera last evening in honor of Miss Dorothy Dobson and Mr. S. Weir Lewis, whose engagement has just been announced. Mrs. J. R. Kilder, of East Penn street, Germantown, has issued cards for a tea on Saturday, December 2, from 4 until 6 o'clock, to meet Mrs. Edward Layrouse Pugh. Inclosed also are cards from Mrs. Frederick Clifton Vail to meet Mrs. Louis Richardson Vail. The card of Miss Helen M. Pugh is also inclosed.

There are to be quite a number of dinners tonight before the dance, which, by the way, is to be held in the Ritz-Carlton. Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Brinton will entertain at that hotel for Elizabeth, and the Tom Ridgeway will give a dinner at their Pine street house for Elizabeth Fox, who is a cousin of Mrs. Ridgeway. Gainer Baird will be given a dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Franklin McCrea Wirgman, when their guests will include the little cousins, Mary Ashhurst and Frances Leiper, Susan Elliot, Katherine Putnam, Mary Brooke, Lois Jackson, Billie Wright, Edmund Purvis, Jim Merritt, Jr., Morris Merritt, Henry Pemberton and Morris Freeman.

Tonight will see the first of the series of Navy Yard dances in the sail loft. Those of us who have gone to these parties know what good times we've had, so they may think they've started again. A number of dinners will precede the dance, among them one given by Captain Robert Lee Russell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Russell, when covers will be laid for twenty guests. Captain of the Yard Luby and Mrs. Luby will have twelve guests and Paymaster Elliott Moorman, U. S. N., will give a dinner on board the battleship Ohio. His guests will be Dr. and Mrs. Alexis du Pont Smith, Miss Dorothy Smith, Lieutenant John de Roode, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. de Roode, and Miss Inez Posey, of Washington. Paymaster Thomas Cochran, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cochran, of 2518 South Lambert street, will have Miss Gorton, of Cornin, N. Y., Mr. John I. Payne, U. S. N., and Mrs. Payne as their guests.

Lieutenant Commander William H. Allen and Mrs. Allen will also entertain at dinner, and on the transport Beale Lieutenant Charles T. Blackburn, U. S. N., and Mrs. Blackburn will dine ten guests. These affairs are usually great fun and there is nothing to indicate any other outcome tonight than fun, pure and simple. NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Warden, of Bridge, School House lane, Germantown, will give a dinner-dance on Friday night of this week in honor of Miss Gainer Owen Baird, one of the season's most popular debutantes. Among the guests will be Miss Walter Meirs, Miss Elizabeth Norris Brocke, Miss Dorothy Emien Newbold, Miss Emily Price Welsh, Miss Margaret Winor Harris, Miss Pauline Denckla, Miss Lisa Norris, Miss Maria Frazer, Miss Elizabeth C. Miller, Miss Meta Janney, Miss Alice Janney, Miss Edith Earle, Mr. John Potter, Mr. Graham Roberts, Mr. John Mason, Mr. Warden McLean, Mr. William McLean, Mr. Albert Kennedy, Mr. Kenneth Kennedy and Mr. John Geary.

Mrs. George Lewis Justice has issued invitations for a small tea at her country place at St. Davids on Wednesday, December 6, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Edmund de Forest Curtis.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Norman Henry, of 1904 Spruce street, will be congratulated on the birth of a son this morning. Mrs. Henry was Miss Mary K. Gibson.

At the dance which will be given on Thursday evening, December 22, in the ballroom of the Germantown Cricket Club by the board of women visitors of the Germantown Hospital, the receiving line will include Mrs. Alexander W. Wines, Mrs. Edgar Butler, Mrs. Charles Fenrose Keith and Miss Maria Logan. Mrs. Keith and Mrs. Alexander Wister, Jr., and Mrs. Theodore Brown will give dinners before the dance.

Miss Molly Borda, formerly of this city, but now making her home in Paris, sailed last Saturday on the Rochambeau. While in this city Miss Borda was the guest of Mrs. R. H. Bayard Bowles, of 3116 Walnut street, and of Mrs. John Marione, of 1439 Locust street.

Dr. and Mrs. William Paddock Kluge, of 3224 Spruce street, entertained in their house

nell, Miss Edna Campbell, Miss Hadlyn Lutz, Miss Edna Vogel, Mrs. E. R. Conover and Miss Anna Himango.

The Regal Club will hold an informal subscription dance at the Hotel Walton tomorrow night. A quiet wedding will be solemnized tomorrow morning at 3 o'clock at the Cathedral, when Miss Elizabeth Biles will become the bride of Mr. Lawrence L. Kelly, of this city. The Rev. Joseph O'Hara will officiate. The bride will be attended by Miss Mrs. Biles, and Mr. John McCool, of Pottsville, will act as best man. A wedding breakfast will follow at the Bellevue-Stratford. After a trip to Washington Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will travel to Westminster avenue until the early spring.

Weddings

CUNNINGHAM-McCLOSKEY The marriage of Miss Irene Marie McCloskey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McCloskey, of 1607 North Sixth street, and Mr. Joseph A. Cunningham, also of this city, took place this morning at 10 o'clock at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Miss McCloskey, who was given in marriage by her father, wore gown of white satin trimmed with point lace and she carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Marquerite McCloskey, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor and wore turquoise blue tulle trimmed in gold. Her hat was of gold lace and French flowers. The bridesmaids included Miss Agnes Morley, Miss Regina McCormick, Miss Mary Hooker and Miss Agnes McVeigh. They wore yellow tulle frocks trimmed with brown tulle. Master Richard McCloskey was page.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham will be at home at 5126 North Broad street. McCULLOUGH-BROWN A quiet but pretty wedding will take place today at 5 o'clock at St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church, at Twenty-third and Brown streets, when Miss Agnes Brown, of 1311 Turner street, will become the bride of Mr. John Joseph McCullough, of 1112 North Twenty-ninth street. Miss Brown will be attended by Miss Agnes Katherine Carmody as bridesmaid, and Mr. McCullough will have Mr. Warren Cassidy as best man. A small reception will follow at the home of the bride's parents, who go to Washington on their wedding trip. Miss Brown was formerly from Minersville, Pa.

CARUSO'S THRILL STILL THE SAME

Great Audience Hears Tenor as Samson in Revival of St. Saens's Opera

At the beginning of a review is a good place to mention next week's opera. It will be "Samson et Dalila," with Urlus Rappold, Gertrude and others. Even with so popular a work and such a good "paper" cast, it is doubtful if the house will be any larger than last night's, which crowded box and gallery and deepened the lines of standers to the point of impassability. Caruso and his still synonymous. The bill was St. Saens's "Samson et Dalila," which was one of the many fresh things of interest to the good account or Oscar Hammerstein in the days of his reign. He gave it with a fine company, headed by the long-absent Dalila, the new head of Gertrude and the reliable Dufranne. Later Doria sang the role of the seducing valley-woman of Sorek. With that list history stop and impressions start. One of the most interesting parts of the effect that the mighty Caruso has lost none of his cunning. Some of his vocal resources he undoubtedly has mislaid, but he knows how to now with the hand as well as the full sack. He still can husband those round, vociferous, yellow tones of his, only to pour them out in prodigious profusion when the dramatic demands, starting his dramatic and delighting his admirers, as in the duet with Dalila in the second act. At the close of that ecstatic duet he seized a great audience and thrilled it with the old Caruso fever.

Mrs. Homer, the Dalila, got a strangely apathetic reception. Perhaps that was due in part to the fact that she has done better acting, though not better singing, in other roles. At first she was obviously a comely and respectable person, becoming, with the addition of her purple robe and the growl of the storm, more of the temptress. But the malignance of the spirit, rather than the malignance of the flesh, is more in her line. She is more Ortrud than the Rose of Sharon. To praise her acting, its warmth, its beauty of production, is as impossible as to praise her impersonation, both high and just.

She was in the midst of some excellent playing. Even Mr. Caruso, who is not famous for his subtlety, made a more subdued and suggestive figure of the son of Manahath than one would have expected. An ingenious make-up aided him somewhat, and he was not wholly incredible, even in the temple scene, in which he sang with dramatic power. There were earlier moments when he was out of voice. Right audibly did he shield that fact.

For real histrionism one had to turn to Mr. de Luca, who was the high priest. Breaking no tradition, he proved that tradition may be ennobled as well as degraded. The portrait was authentic with a touch of biblical severity, which came into sharp contrast in the ballet, led by the lively and pretty Rosina Galli—a ballet replete with bright, hot color, but with little design scenically. The smash-up occurred with prompt success, after the child's mother's fall, was fortunately out of harm's path. Fortunately, because that child was a sympathetic and plausible little actor.

As to "Samson" itself, it is still a rousing and splendid opera. If it is not the impressive lyric music we once imagined, it may be because French music of the seventies is not now taken so heavily. There was an heaviness in Mr. Polacco's conducting. He did well, as often. B. D.

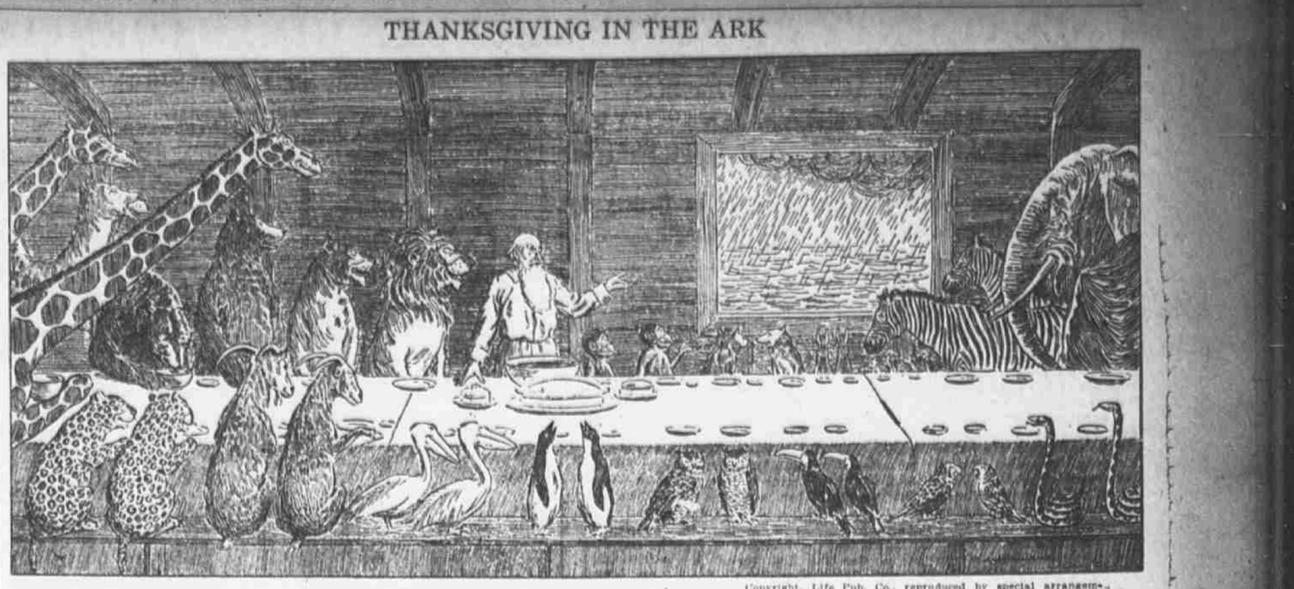
What's Doing Tonight

Lecture on untimely death, by Sumner Robinson, under auspices of University Extension Society, Central Y. M. C. A., 1421 Arch street, 8 o'clock. Temperance concert, Grand Orange Lodge of Pennsylvania, Scottish Rite Hall, 813 o'clock. Twentieth anniversary banquet, Knights of Columbus, Hotel Adelphi, 7:30 o'clock. Lecture by Rev. Father, Catholic Missionary Society, Fenwick's Alley. Lecture by Rev. Father, Indian Academy of Music. Florence Nightingale Lodge, Daughters of St. George. Quaker Hall. Survivors of Fire Companies, Fifth and Chestnut streets. Combined glau club U. of P. and Cornell, Bellevue-Stratford.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS



HAD IT OCCURRED RECENTLY



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THE VACANT WORLD

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

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THE STORM THIS FAR BEATRICE KENDRICK, a stenographer, slowly regained consciousness and opened her eyes. She was in a room, but she did not know where. The office in the Metropolitan Building, where she had been sitting at her typewriter when she suddenly fell asleep, was gone. She was in a room, but she did not know where. The office in the Metropolitan Building, where she had been sitting at her typewriter when she suddenly fell asleep, was gone. She was in a room, but she did not know where. The office in the Metropolitan Building, where she had been sitting at her typewriter when she suddenly fell asleep, was gone.

THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

CHAPTER XVII

STERN'S RESOLVE

How long it lasted, what its meaning, its details, the watchers could not tell. Impossible, from that height and in that gloom, broken only by an occasional pale gleam of moonlight through the drifting cloud-rack, to judge the fortunes of this primitive war. They knew not the point at issue nor yet the tide of victory or loss. Only they knew that back and forth the torches flared, the war-drums boomed and rattled, the yelling, slaughtering, desperate hordes surged in a swirl of bestial murder lust.

THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

CHAPTER XVI

THE GATHERING OF THE HORDES

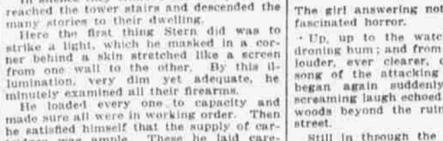
"TOM-TOM!" So they are savages?" exclaimed the girl, taking a quick breath. "But—what then?" "Don't just know, yet. It's a fact, though; they're certainly savages. Two tribes, one with torches, one with drums. Two different kinds, I guess. And they're coming in here to parley or fight or something. Regular powwow on hand. Trouble all, whichever side wins." "For us?" "That depends. Maybe we'll be able to lie hidden here till this thing blows over whatever it may be. If not, and if they cut off our supplies, well, 1900 years ago, I suppose, we were all dead."

THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

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Ever: You may not like my apple pie, but I'm thankful you can't brag about the kind your mother used to make



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Give the Children Bread That Strengthens

Growing children need every bit of assistance possible in the way of nourishing food. This new splendid rye bread is so easy of digestion, so nutritive, that it is just the thing to build up strong bodies and bright minds for the kiddies.



Only the finest of rye flours are used in this new, delicious rye bread. The appetizing, nutty flavor is found only in this supremely good loaf. Wunderbar Rye, That means it is pure.

near, at length, drawing Beatrice away from the window. She yielded, waking as it were from the horrid fascination that had held her spell-bound. Down she sat on her bed of furs, covered her eyes with her hands and for a while remained quite motionless. Stern watched her. And again his hand sought the revolver butt.

"It ought to have waded into that bunch long ago," thought he. "We both ought to have. What it's all about, who could tell? But it's an outrage against the night itself, against the world, even dead though it be. If it hadn't been for wanting good ammunition for nothing—"

A curious, guttural white down there in the forest attracted his attention. Over to the window he strode and once again peered down. A change had come upon the scene, a sudden, radical change. No more the sounds of combat rose, but now a dull, clamorant murmur as of victory and preparation for some ghastly rite.

Already in the center of the wood, hard by the spring, a little fire had been lighted. Even as Stern looked, dim, moving figures heaped on wood. The engineer saw whirling droves of sparks spiral upward, saw dense smoke, followed by a larger flame.

And, grouped around this, already some hundreds of the now pale torches cast their livid glare. Off to one side he could just distinguish what seemed to be a group engaged in some activity, but what this might be he could not determine. Yet all at once a scream of pain burst out therefrom, and then a gasping cry that ended quickly and did not come again.

Another shriek and still a third, and now into the leaping flames some dark, misshapen things were flung and a great shout arose. The noise also a shrill, singing whine, and suddenly drums roared, now with a different cadence.

"Hark," said the engineer. "The torches must have exterminated the other bunch and got possession of the drums. They're using 'em themselves—and badly!" By the freighting vague shapes came and went, their shadows grotesquely flung against the leafy screens. The figures quickened their paces and their gestures, then suddenly, with cries, flung themselves toward the fire. And all about the fire Stern saw a wheeling, circling, eddying mob of black and frightful shapes.

"The swine!" he breathed. "Wait—wait! I'll make a pint or two of Pulverite!" Even as he spoke the concourse grew quiet with expectancy. A silence fell upon the forest. Something was being led farward toward the fire—something for which the others all made way.

The wind freshened. With it increased the volume of smoke. Another frightened bird, cheeping forlornly, fluttered above the tree tops. "Come a sharp clicking sound, a quick scuffle, a grunt, then silence once more. And all at once the drums crashed, and the dance began again, madder, more obscenely hideous than ever.

"Woodoo!" gulped Stern. "Oohah-woo! And—the ruckier I get my Pulverite to working the better." Undecided no longer, determined now on a course of definite action without further delay, the engineer turned back into the room. Upon his forehead stood a cold and prickling sweat of horror and disgust. But to his lips he forced a smile as in the half light of the red and windy dawn he drew close to Beatrice.

Then all at once, to his unspeakable relief, he saw the girl was sleeping. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

The Best Rye Bread in the World